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# Children's Newspaper

Every Wednesday—Fourpence 3rd September, 1960


# MARTIN WINS BIG MUSIC PRIZE

## Clever young cellist who means to get to the top

*Martin Elmitt of Bushey, Hertfordshire, is feeling pleased with life. He has won a prize of £500 for his cello playing in the Young String Instrumentalists' Competition organised by* The Daily Mirror.

*This success is going to mean a lot in Martin's professional career and a C N reporter went along to see him and have a talk about it.*

*Before learning of his success Martin arranged to attend Ernest Read's Orchestral Summer Course, held during the Summer holidays each year at Queenswood School near Hatfield. And that is where the C N man interviewed him.*

TEENAGERS from all over Britain, Martin said, entered for the contest with auditions at various convenient places. Twenty finalists were chosen and one day Martin had to present himself for the hearing in London. One of five selected to perform in public that evening, he played a Theme and Variations by Tchaikovsky and another piece. After the concert the winner was announced—and it was Martin.

He certainly has the kind of background that helps a boy to get on in the world. The Elmitts of Watford are all musicians, and hard workers, too. His father, who



Martin Elmitt

has a job with British Railways, plays the violin in his spare time. His mother plays the viola. His elder sister Pauline has already been the leader of a ballet orchestra; and the younger, Mavis, has started broadcasting for the B.B.C. In May, Martin and his two sisters will be playing the Beethoven Triple Concerto, for violin, cello and piano, at the Royal Festival Hall.

Asked how long he had been learning the cello, Martin thought for a bit and then said he began at a very early age by playing mother's viola the wrong way round (held like a cello) and using only one string.

"But I started seriously when I was four," he added.

He has won a year's scholarship at the Royal College of Music and hopes to get it extended, when the time comes, for another year or two. Then he wants to study abroad—and that is where the £500 prize will come in. He would like to go to Paris and take lessons from the great Pierre Fournier if possible (though Monsieur Fournier himself does not know about this yet).

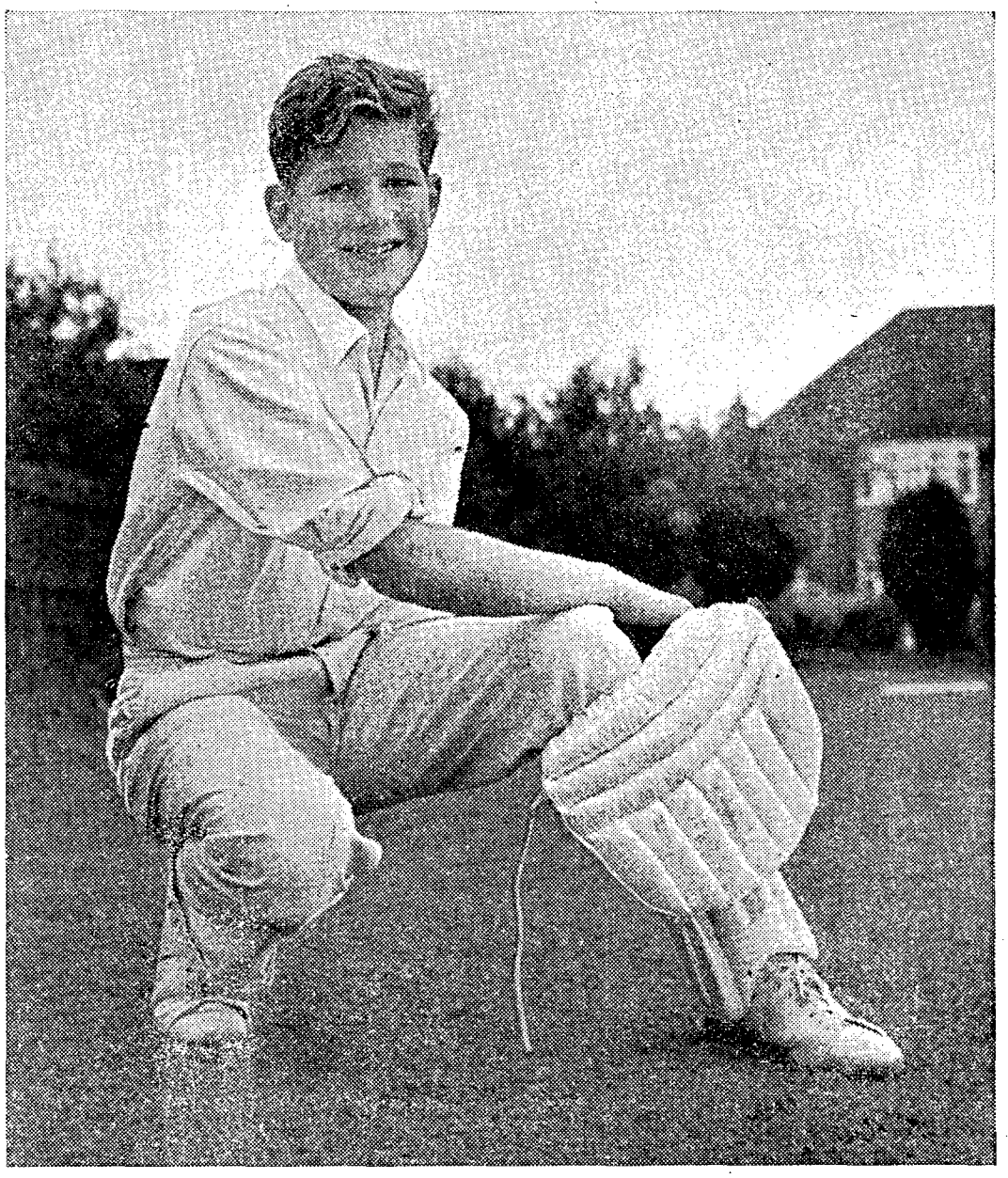
### Busy with Brahms

Farther than that Martin cannot see at present, and in any case we had to break off our talk because he was due in the big hall at Queenswood to join the orchestra there for a busy morning rehearsing one of the Brahms symphonies.

He was last seen at his desk among the other cellos, hard at work in a tomato shirt with the sleeves well rolled up.

Martin knows there is a lot of hard work in front of him before he gets to the top. And that is just what he intends to do.

# HUTTON'S THE NAME



**John Hutton, younger son of England's former cricket captain, Sir Leonard, buckles on his pads for practice with New Malden Wanderers C.C., Surrey. Unlike his famous father, John is a left-hander.**

## A CORNER OF SCOTLAND IN INDIANA

A little piece of Scotland has been flown across the Atlantic to Indiana. A stone from St. Magnus Cathedral in the Orkneys and sent in answer to a request made to the Scottish Tourist Board, it is to be built into a new housing estate called Little Scotland, in the Scotsdale district in the town of South Bend, about 50 miles east of Chicago.

Stones from Dunollie Castle and Dunrobin Castle are also being sent out to this little corner of Scotland in the United States.

## *Parson in the trawler*

A clergyman is taking a three-week trip to the Icelandic fishing grounds on a Grimsby trawler. He is the Rev. Basil Hetherington, Vicar of St. Stephen's Church Grimsby, which is known as the fishermen's own church. Two deputies are looking after his church while he is away at sea.

This is not the first time that Mr. Hetherington has taken the trouble to get first-hand knowledge of his people's work. He once spent some time in a coal-mine, and before moving to Grimsby, he worked for five weeks as a labourer in a Scunthorpe steelworks.

## He dropped 16 miles without a parachute

An American airman, Captain Joseph Kittinger, recently hurtled through space for more than 16 miles before opening his parachute. He jumped from a balloon at a height of over 19 miles and for nearly four-and-a-half minutes dropped like a stone. His pressurised suit was fitted with a small stabilising parachute to prevent his spinning, but this hardly checked his speed, which reached 450 m.p.h.

Opening his parachute, he descended the remaining distance of 17,500 feet (over three miles) and landed safely in the New Mexico desert, 13 minutes 8 seconds after leaving the balloon. He had set up four records: the highest manned balloon flight; the highest flight in an open gondola; the longest free fall; and the longest parachute jump.

# Four days on a diet of snail juice

An R.A.F. doctor, Flight-Lieutenant John Billingham, recently lived for four days on nothing but 16 pints of snail juice. He was carrying out an experiment which might possibly save the lives of airmen who are forced down in desert country.

It was an R.A.F. instructor at a desert-survival school in Libya who, having accidentally trodden on a big white snail, first saw life-saving possibilities in the fluid it contained—its blood, in fact.

As a result, about 10,000 of these snails (known to naturalists as *Ereminia Ehrenbergi* Roth) were collected and flown to the Institute of Aviation Medicine at Farnborough.

Preliminary tests having shown that the fluid contains protein, and is free of poison and dangerous parasites, Flight-Lieutenant Billingham began his bold experiment.

He found this strange form of nourishment "pretty awful stuff," with a fishy taste, and after the first day he flavoured it with saccharine and lemon essence. "But," he said afterwards, "people dying of thirst will drink anything, so to them it would be like nectar."

Except for feeling rather hungry and weak, he was none the worse for his diet, even though he had spent six hours a day in a heat chamber at a desert temperature of 118 degrees.

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# CHANGES IN THE LAND OF A MILLION ELEPHANTS

By the CN Diplomatic Correspondent

**They call Laos the Land of a Million Elephants—a land where, to Western eyes, strange things happen and nothing is quite what it seems.**

**Laos is a kingdom about the size of Britain but with a population of under three million. It is tucked away between Communist China and two countries, Cambodia and Vietnam, which, like Laos, were part of old French Indo-China.**

Last month there was a military *coup d'état* or revolution in Laos, with the proclaimed object of achieving unity and honesty at home and neutrality in the world at large. It was carried out by a paratroop battalion led by a 30-year-old captain named Kong Lae, who used to be a Buddhist monk. Kong is a strict teetotaller and does not smoke opium as so many of his fellow-countrymen do.



Captain Kong Lae

Captain Kong more or less quietly took over the administrative capital of Vientiane while King Vathana along with his Prime Minister, Prince Somsanith, and members of the Government were supervising the last funeral rites of the King's father who died last year. All this was taking place in the royal capital of Luang Prabang about 100 miles from Vientiane.

## Short struggle

The struggle in Vientiane went on for a couple of days without much fighting. Then Kong handed over control to another prince, Souvanna Phouma (who became Prime Minister) and went back cheerfully to his Army unit.

In any other country no doubt the overthrow of a government in this fashion would have caused civil war between the loyalists and rebels. But the King, a a descendant of the great Khmers who ruled over a vast domain embracing Laos, Siam, and North Burma in the 15th century, accepted the situation. He dismissed Somsanith, and pardoned and recognised the rebel government.

Outside in the jungle with his followers lurks Prince Souphannouvong, the new premier's half-brother, who was captured by the late government but managed to escape a few months ago. He is, perhaps, the only royal Communist in the world. We have not heard the last of him.

The Laotians, mostly Buddhists, are an enchanting people. About two-thirds of them are of Lao stock, a branch of the Thai (Siamese) race which migrated from China about a thousand years ago and set up their great gold Buddha in the temple at Luang Prabang.

## Religious festivals

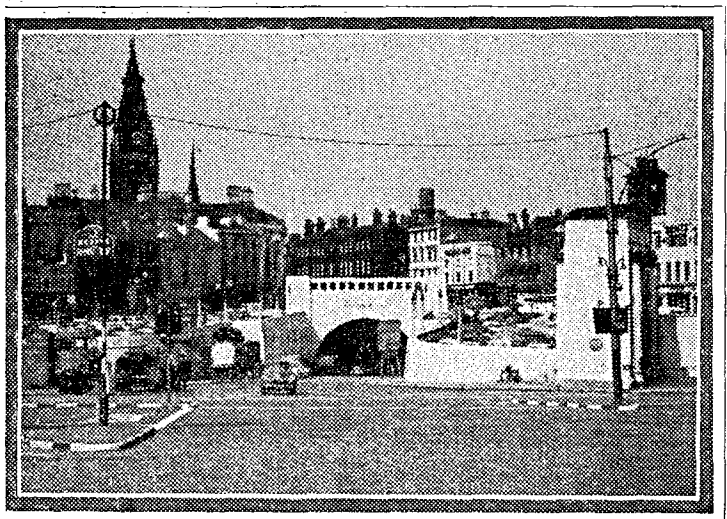
Their King is not only Head of State and Commander-in-Chief of the army but also the supreme religious authority. Much time is given up to religious festivals in which cymbal-clashing monks in orange robes play a prominent part.

Another picturesque branch of the Laotian nation are the hill tribes, the Meo and the Yeo. They are a people of the mountains and are so used to the rare atmosphere of the heights that if they come down to lower-lying country they become seriously ill.

Finally, there are the Kha, to whom Captain Kong Lae is related. They are a people who seem to have been washed up by the tides of advancing civilisation and left high and dry in the southern hills. Their ancestors were cannibals not very long ago. They have a deep-rooted belief that trees and other apparently inanimate things are alive and have souls.

Politically, the history of Laos, like that of the Indo-China countries in general, is one of warring tribes seeking to dominate others; of the theft of Buddhist idols; of forays to recapture them; and many elephant raids and punitive expeditions.

Something like peace came to the country with the French-Siamese treaty of 1893, when Laos came under French protection. But times change. Sixty years later, spurred on by Communists, the people of Indo-China threw off the French influence and France left Indo-China in 1954.



**OUR HOMELAND** The Liverpool entrance to the Mersey Tunnel, leading to Birkenhead

# Weather in September

*O sweet September, thy first breezes bring*
*The dry leaf's rustle and the squirrel's laughter.*

September is the principal harvest month in our country, and for this reason September weather has always been an all-important topic. "Fair on the First of September, fair for the rest of the month," said the old weather prophets; and a bright, sunny day for the month's beginning was certainly hailed with joy by country people.

Some of the old weather lore is surprisingly accurate.

*Pimpernel, pimpernel, tell me, pray,*
*Will the weather be wet or fine today?*

runs one old rhyme, and the tiny red flowers will give an answer. If they are open, one may be reasonably sure of at least an hour's fine weather; if they are shut, then rain is on the way.

*Red sky at night*
*Is shepherd's delight:*
*Red sky at morning,*
*Is shepherd's warning,*

is another fairly reliable old piece of weather advice.

Spiders' webs, too, are held to be a fair indication of weather prospects. When, on an early September morning, webs are abundant on the ground and in the hedges, a fine, warm day can be expected. Hence the rhyme:

*Spiders' webs a-flying,*
*Means they'll soon be drying.*

Nowadays, of course, scientists study the weather and make accurate forecasts that are available to us all; but there is still many a countryman who relies on his own experience and observation.

# NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

## BRAVE BOY

The gallantry certificate of the Royal Humane Society has been awarded to 12-year-old Barry Roberts of Offord Cluny, Huntingdonshire. Although partly crippled, he plunged into the River Ouse to save another boy.

In a recent children's fishing competition on Deal pier, ten-year-old Stephen Foster caught a lobster two feet four inches long and weighing nine pounds five ounces.

## LIFEBOAT SAVES LIFEBOAT

A woman and two men used a mirror to signal for help when their converted lifeboat sprung a leak after striking a submerged oil-drum off Guernsey. All three were rescued by the island's lifeboat.

The world's biggest indoor car park is to be built at the Austin Motor Company's Birmingham works. Nine stories high, it will have room for 3,300 cars, mainly new ones awaiting despatch.

More than 500,000 young plaice from shore hatcheries are to be put into the North Sea, in order to increase the catches in a few years' time.

## Caving is his hobby



**Exploring caves is the exciting hobby of Julian Fortnum, young research technician of Cookham, Buckinghamshire. We see him fixing his breathing apparatus before descending a big cave in Wales.**

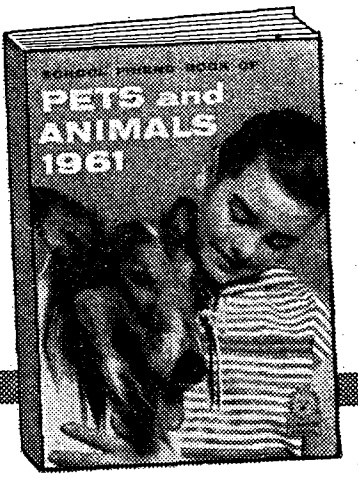
Babies' Castle, a Dr. Barnardo home at Hawkhurst, Kent, has received an anonymous parcel containing £1,000 in notes.

People in Moscow can now get coffee and a hot bun from street slot machines.

## THEY SAY . . .

UPSTAIRS to the Underground.
*Notice near London Bridge Station*


## A SUPER BOOK FOR ANIMAL FANS




All girls who love animals know that "School Friend" BOOK OF PETS AND ANIMALS is the most attractive book of all. Its enthralling stories, expert features, puzzles, quizzes . . . and its wealth of illustrations and unusual photographs all make it a *must*. So don't wait until it's sold out . . reserve or get your copy *now* !

## "School Friend" BOOK OF PETS AND ANIMALS

LATEST (1961) ISSUE NOW ON SALE 10/6 Price applies to U.K. only

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# Cheltenham children take over theatre

For the next few weeks the Playhouse at Cheltenham will virtually become a Children's Theatre, with about 50 children from the town and district taking part in a number of plays and playlets.

Tried as an experiment last year, the *Children's Theatre* was so successful that it is planned to hold it every year.

In charge of the productions is a well-known local actor and producer, Mr. Vernon Morse, who has also written some of the plays to be performed.

The young actors and actresses, all between eight and 18, are also carrying out many jobs behind the scenes, as well as selling programmes and tickets.

Among the plays being presented are a short Elizabethan morality play, an adaptation of a Hans Andersen fairy tale, and an Italian legend adapted by C. P. Snow and Pamela Hansford Johnson. The season will close with a full-length production of *Alice in Wonderland*, written by Vernon Morse.

Intended to give local children theatrical experience both on and off stage, this enterprise has attracted a great deal of attention and there are to be radio and television programmes about it.

# Do it yourself at Olympia

The eighth International Handicrafts and Do It Yourself Exhibition will be held at Olympia, London, from the 8th to 23rd September.

The British contribution will include self-laid asphalt for paving garden-paths, a brick fireplace the householder can install himself, and picture-hangers which need neither nails, screws, nor wires. Various sewing and knitting machines will be displayed.

Fine craftsmanship from many countries of the world will also be on view, notably in the case of a team of Yugoslav weavers.

# GOOD SCOUT

Of all the boys who ever triumphed over disability there was never one with a braver heart than Tony Jowett, Queen's Scout, of St. Martin's Troop, Leeds.

Physically handicapped from childhood, he joined the Scouts when he was 15, became a Cub Master, later Assistant Scoutmaster, and then a Senior Auxiliary in charge of Senior Scouts. His life was one long struggle against ill-health, but if ever there was anything he could do for his fellows, he would be there, the leader whose watchword was Service.

Now, at the age of 22, he has passed away. Tony Jowett fought the good fight, and by his shining example will he be remembered.

# JIMMIE SAVED THE SWAN

While fishing in the River Waveney, Jimmie Harper of Harleston, Norfolk, saw a swan crash to the ground after flying into electricity cables. Leaving his rod and line, he found the injured bird, and although it was nearly as big as himself—he is only eleven—carried it one-and-a-half miles to the police station for treatment.

Jimmie was then allowed to take the bird home and after a week of careful nursing it was able to fly short distances.

Regretfully, Jimmie took his swan, Sammy, to a pond and watched it fly away.

He has a way with birds and not long ago reared a young owl that had fallen from its nest. "The owl still flies to see me in the evenings," says Jimmie. "I am sure one day Sammy will come back, too."

## *Accent on science in Cardiff*

Young science students will be well to the fore at this year's meeting of the British Association, which is to be held from 31st August to 7th September at the Welsh College of Advanced Technology in Cardiff.

There is to be a special Young People's Programme with a Brains Trust, four illustrated lectures, and a Science in Schools Exhibition to which about 30 schools in Cardiff, Newport, and Monmouthshire are contributing.

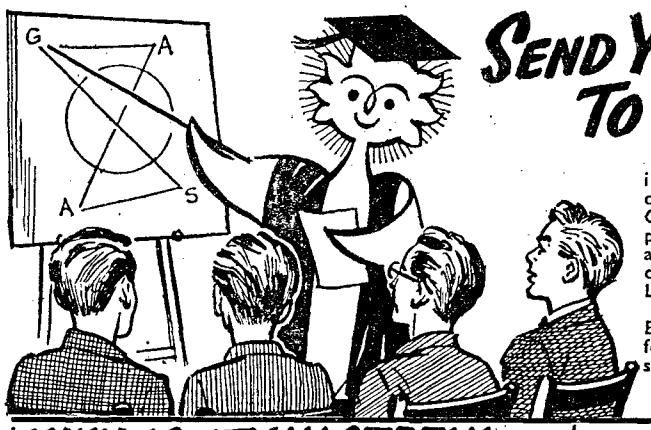
# LITTLE BOY LOST




**No wonder he looks puzzled. This signpost is not in America but in Lincolnshire, the village of New York being only a few miles from the market town of Boston.**

# Here's a Chance to Win Book Tokens

## SEND YOUR QUESTIONS TO MR. THERM




Lots of people are interested in answers to interesting questions, and on this page are three of the sort Mr. Therm is always being asked. *Can you think of a good question ?* Write it on a plain postcard, with your full name, address, and age, then send it to Mr. Therm's Mailbag No. 14, c/o Children's Newspaper, 3 Pilgrim Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp.).

Each week Mr. Therm will award two-guinea *Book Tokens for each of the three best questions* for answering. If more than one of you send the same question, the first received will be chosen.

*Issued by the Gas Council*

## WHY IS IT WASTEFUL TO BURN NATURAL COAL?



*George Ballantyne of Leeds wins a book token for this question.*

The most important reason for not burning natural coal is because of the damage it does ! The cheery glow we see is all very well, but the smoke which comes from old fashioned ordinary open fires costs Britain something like £250,000,000 a year.

How is this damage done ? Well, it is smoke which turns mists and fogs into killer smog, which, every winter, blankets our towns and cities, shuts off the sunlight, reduces all our resistance to colds, flu and bronchitis, and directly causes the deaths of hundreds, sometimes thousands, of elderly people.

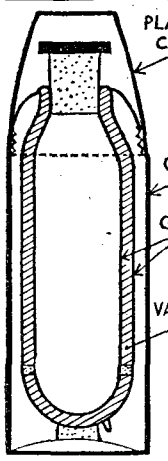
Smoke also corrodes metal, and eats away the stonework not only of old buildings but of new ones as well, and it does a lot of harm to growing crops and vegetation.

And Mummy will tell you what a lot of damage is caused in the home by smoke, making clothes hard to keep clean, and paint dull before it need be.

However, things are not always going to be like this. In 1956, the Government passed the Clean Air Act, which permits local councils to set up "Smoke Control Areas." In these areas it is an offence to give off smoke from any domestic chimney. Gradually, the law will cover all England, and only smokeless fuels will be allowed.

Two of the most important smokeless fuels are gas and coke, so Mr. Therm is playing a really important part in helping to make Britain clean. Coke-heating appliances are much more efficient than old-fashioned grates—and more economical, for you can get as much heat from 16 cwt. of coke as you can from one ton of coal !

## HOW DOES A VACUUM FLASK WORK?




*A book token has been sent to Anne Watson of Norwich for this question.*

The best way to keep food or drink hot or cold is to put a curtain of absolutely nothing between it and the atmosphere ! That's what a vacuum flask does.

Look at the diagram. You'll see that the bottle inside the container is really made up of two thicknesses of glass. Sealed in between these thicknesses is nothing—a vacuum that is !

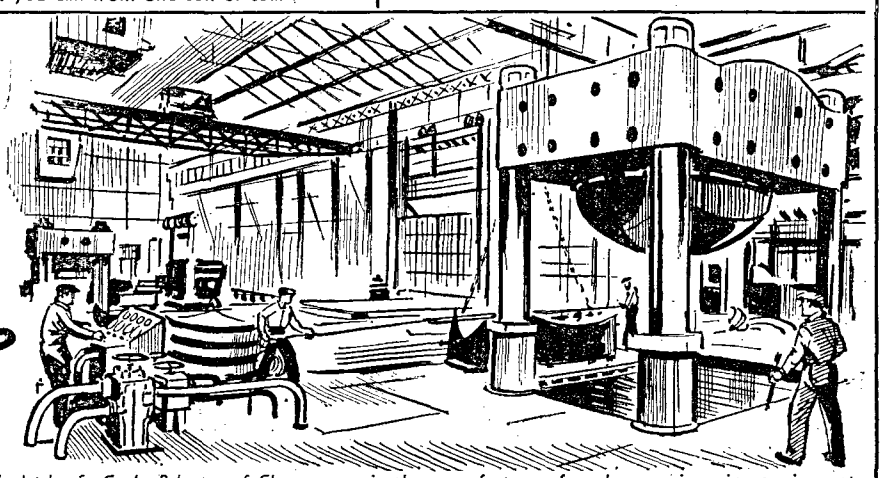
When the bottle is made (and gas will have played a large part in making it) a twist or nozzle is left at the bottom, rather like a small tail, which is then sealed with a special sort of gas burner, which gives the correct heat for a perfect join. Then the bottle is fitted into its case, and you have your vacuum flask.

If you put a hot drink in, it will keep hot because, as a vacuum does not conduct heat, no heat can get through from the inside. So there is no path along which the heat can flow, except the thin glass walls of the inner bottle, and the cork in the top—and as both glass and cork are poor conductors of heat, the leakage of heat in this way is likely to be extremely small.

As an added precaution against heat escaping the outer wall of the inner bottle and the inner wall of the outer bottle are silvered, which very largely reduces radiation of heat from the innerbottle.

Originally, the vacuum flask was invented by a scientist, Sir John Dewar, to keep gases in a liquid state, but now it is used in the home in a hundred different ways !

## HOW DOES GAS HELP TO MAKE STEEL?



*This question wins a book token for Gordon Robertson of Glasgow.*

Gas is used extensively in Britain's great steel industry. In our picture you can see a gas-heated furnace working in conjunction with a 2000-ton hydraulic press in a factory producing heavy plates for atomic reactor pressure vessels.

The strength and durability of many of Britain's great engineering feats depend on the correct selection and heat treatment of the steel used in their construction. Town gas—just the same as that which cooks your Sunday joint and gives you constant hot water—is the ideal fuel for heat treatment processes necessary in the manufacture of modern engineering equipment.

In the important aircraft industry, too, Mr. Therm is on the job. The widespread use of gas in the production of aero engines starts in the foundry where gas equipment, some specially developed, is in constant use for metal melting and precision casting of all kinds. The forging of turbine blades and the extrusion of airframe sections require the close control of increasing temperatures, and a number of other components which have to be heat treated require a similar high standard of finish.

As always, Mr. Therm can be relied on to provide just what is wanted !

**GAS PROVIDES POWER FOR THE WORLD OF TODAY—AND TOMORROW**

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# Boys with their own zoo

Two Shropshire lads who run their own private zoo will be guests of *All Your Own* in B.B.C. Junior TV next Sunday, 4th September. They are Russell Matthews (13) and Ross Lewis (14), of Church Stretton. Their menagerie consists of mice, hamsters, squirrels, baby owls, and similar small creatures, but recently they took over the care of an uncommon guest—a fledgling buzzard too young to fly.

Joanne Symons, who finds the boys and girls for *All Your Own*, tells me that Russell and Ross were uncertain whether they ought to have a "protected" bird like a buzzard in their keeping. However, by arrangement with the local R.S.P.C.A. representative, the boys were entrusted with the task of rearing it. My picture was taken a few minutes before the sad moment—sad for the boys but jolly for the buzzard—when it was allowed to fly away at the age of six weeks. A film of the flying-off ceremony will be shown in the programme.

Being birds of prey, buzzards have to be fed on raw meat. This one cost the boys between 6d. and 9d. a day. They make money for their zoo by washing-up in the local café during the school holidays. They also sell some of the animals they rear.

In Sunday's programme they will have several of their pets in the studio, including a tawny owl, a ferret, some hamsters, and a New Zealand rabbit.



Russell Matthews and Ross Lewis with the young buzzard they reared

# FILM CAMERAS AT OBERAMMERGAU

Because most children were in bed when *The Vow* was televised on Good Friday, B.B.C. television is to repeat this remarkable film about the Oberammergau Passion play at a time when everyone can see it.

Telephoning me the news, the producer and scriptwriter, Alan Sleath, said: "I'm delighted at this decision. After the final performance on 25th September, there won't be another Oberammergau play for ten years. I'd like the children of today to see all the preparations for it. In 1970 they'll be grown up!"

Film actor Richard Todd went with a B.B.C. film unit to Oberammergau last November. They spent a fortnight there, meeting all the people of the village, children included, and were allowed to film the first rehearsal.

They were also admitted to the village church to film the choir singing the Hallelujah Chorus. The party stayed at the hotel run by Anton Preisinger, who played Christus.

No one is more pleased with the film than the people of Oberammergau. "We went back for its showing in the local cinema," said Sleath. "Raimond Lang, the Burgermeister, made a speech of thanks and I did my best to reply in German! They've screened the film again several times. You see, they recognise themselves and their friends in many of the scenes."

*The Vow* will be televised on a Sunday afternoon in the near future.



Anton Preisinger (who plays Christus) with Richard Todd

# The great life-saver

More exciting than any shooting match is a story in B.B.C. television at nine o'clock this Thursday evening (1st September). It is about a man who saved countless lives. He was Lord Lister (1827-1912), the founder of antiseptic surgery, which marked one of the greatest turning points in medical history.

Richard Attenborough will be narrator in *Joseph Lister*, which will tell how this courageous surgeon left Edinburgh, where he was respected, to endure sneers and humiliation while trying to convince doctors in London.

One dramatic sequence will show how, in the year 1877, at King's College Hospital, in London, he applied his principles in an operation which saved a man from becoming a life-long cripple.

At last the medical world was convinced of the importance of antiseptic methods. Lister was President of the British Association in 1896 and was given a peerage a year later.

# Shrieking locomotives and talking animals

Next Monday (5th September) B.B.C. Children's Hour is to bring out the recording of *The Carved Lions*, the popular four-part serial by Alice de Grey, first heard 18 months ago.

It is based on a strange and exciting novel by Mrs. Molesworth, who had a great following among children in Victorian times.

The heroine is Geraldine (played by Ann Totten). Alice de Grey says Geraldine has some most trying adventures and would be in a really bad way without the help of her two faithful friends, the Carved Lions. David Kossoff plays Leo, and Timothy Bateson is Rex.

Noises, worse than the exhaust of a multi-engined jet airliner, will be heard. They will be the Effects Department's attempts to imitate the shrieking and fussing of Victorian steam engines in a station.

There are some animals, too, which have a convenient way of talking to help the story along.

# All the thrills of motor racing

Motor racing (including kart-racing) thrills will be featured in the first of Associated-Rediffusion's Autumn serials in Children's TV.

It begins on Tuesday, 6th September, and its title will be *The Chequered Flag*. Producer Jim Pople is filming special sequences at Brands Hatch.

The story, by karting enthusiast, Ivan Berg, revolves round a school-leaver named Mike Brown (Jeremy Bulloch) whose ambition is to become a crack racing driver. He gets a lot of encouragement from a driving ace named Tony Gregory (Geoffrey Frederick) who runs his own garage and also makes karts.

There are exciting moments on the track and in the pits during the racing.

Scale models of Silverstone pits are being built for the studio sequences. A lot of filming showing actual racing will be included in the serial.

## *After the holidays*

Going to school after the Summer holidays takes some getting used to. This is the thought behind a talk which Norma Cradock is to give in B.B.C. television's *Sunday Special* next Sunday. Mrs. Cradock is one of the few women lay preachers in the West of England. Last year she was president of the Wesley Guild.

**PROGRAMMES and PEOPLE on TV and RADIO by Ernest Thomson**

# Busy time for Ginger

## LEARNING TO FLY AND ANSWERING FAN MAIL

Although Ginger in the *Biggles* series knows all there is to know about aircraft, John Leyton, who plays the part, is still a beginner. "Until this year," he says, "I'd only had a ten-shilling flit over Hendon, but, thanks to *Biggles*, I've been up several times recently and had a flying lesson."

John shares a flat in Manchester during the week with Biggles himself, Nevil Whiting. But he spends weekends at home in Hendon, with his father, his 13-year-old sister Sarah, and 10-year-old brother Hedley. His mother died three years ago.

Off screen, John's main interest is sport. During the soccer season he plays inside-right for Highgate School Old Boys.

His father says he is so quiet at home that one might sometimes think he was out. This is because he spends a great deal of time answering stacks of fan letters.



Ginger (John Leyton) helps his sister Sarah with her homework

# NAVIES IN TIME OF WAR

The part played by the Royal Navy in winning the Second World War is to be shown on TV for the first time. The war in the air and on land has already figured in TV series, but *Sea War* is the first large-scale collection of actual war film, British and German, dealing with the struggle at sea. It begins in Southern Television next Monday at 8 p.m., and on A.T.V., London, on the following Saturday (10th September) at 6 p.m.

Made by the Rank Organisation, with Admiralty co-operation, this 13-part series has been written by Captain Jack Broome, R.N. The narrator is Rear-Admiral Roy Foster-Brown.

Producer G. Grafton Green and his scriptwriter had to choose from 400,000 feet of film in Admiralty and German archives. The story covers operations from the Arctic Circle to the Pacific Ocean.

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# NEW Kellogg's CORN FLAKES COMPETITION

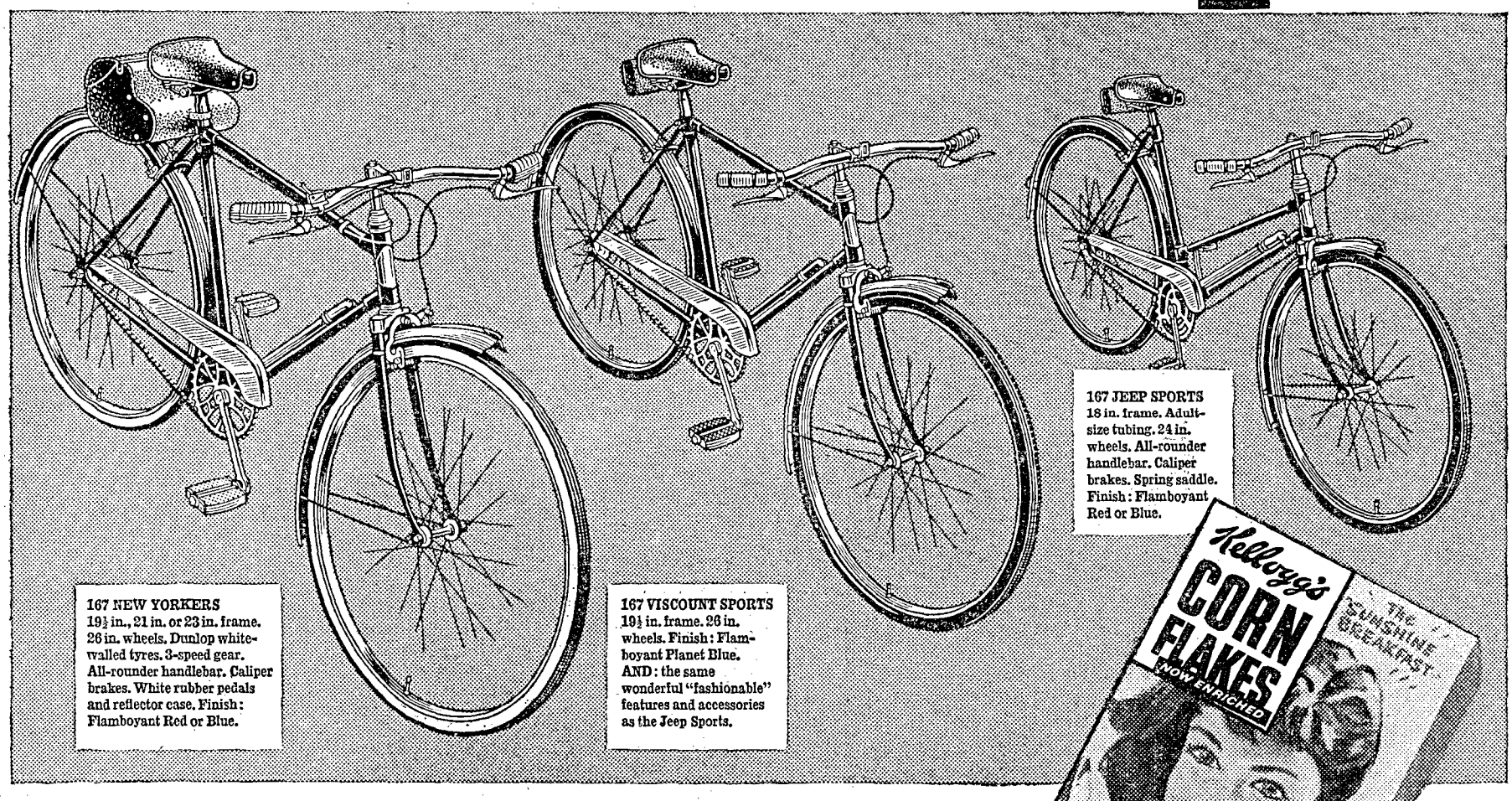
## 501 Hercules Bikes *must be won!*

## CODE OF THE ROAD

### —and every entrant wins 12 new coloured bicycle cards

The latest Corn Flakes packets—marked "Code of the Road"—carry an entertaining contest for boys and girls up to and including the age of 16, run by Kellogg's in collaboration with the Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents.

All you have to do is: (1) have a good look at the picture on the back of the packet and find the twelve ways in which the rules of the Highway Code are being broken; then (2) make up a simple safety slogan (like "Do your kerb drill *before* you cross!"); and (3) fill in the entry form on the packet; and (4) send it to us, enclosing two Kellogg's Corn Flakes packet tops with your entry.



**167 NEW YORKERS**
19½ in., 21 in. or 23 in. frame. 26 in. wheels. Dunlop white-walled tyres. 3-speed gear. All-rounder handlebar. Caliper brakes. White rubber pedals and reflector case. Finish: Flamboyant Red or Blue.

**167 VISCOUNT SPORTS**
19½ in. frame. 26 in. wheels. Finish: Flamboyant Planet Blue. AND: the same wonderful "fashionable" features and accessories as the Jeep Sports.

**167 JEEP SPORTS**
18 in. frame. Adult-size tubing. 24 in. wheels. All-rounder handlebar. Caliper brakes. Spring saddle. Finish: Flamboyant Red or Blue.




### 501 Hercules *Bikes*—*BOYS' OR GIRLS' MODELS*

**3 *AGE GROUPS*** For the up to 9 years old—**167 Jeep Sports**
For the 10 to 13 years old—**167 Viscount Sports**
For the 14 to 16 years old—**167 New Yorkers**

**Everyone who enters, whether they win a bike or not, gets a new series of 12 coloured picture cards, describing the colourful history of the bicycle.**

## SEND IN YOUR ENTRY NOW—KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES 'CODE OF THE ROAD' CONTEST

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# Don't play your radio at the Zoo

VISITORS who carry powerful little pocket radio sets into the London Zoo are creating a problem.

"This is something which we have never had to face up to before," an official told me. "Hitherto, it has always been the practice of our gatekeepers, on observing visitors with radios, gramophones, or other musical instruments to warn them that it is unlawful to play them in the grounds.

"Tiny transistor radios, of course, can easily be concealed in pockets or handbags, and brought out to operate only when the visitors are well inside the Gardens.

"The object no doubt is to test animal reactions to music—a fascinating subject for study, but plainly one in which we cannot permit the ordinary visitor to indulge. There is always the chance that some animal may panic and injure itself; and there is also the annoyance to other visitors. At the moment we are carefully watching the situation. We are naturally loth to prosecute offenders and it may be that a friendly warning from a keeper will be all that is needed to stop what plainly threatens to become a nuisance."

WHO'S WHO at the ZOO

visitor who rashly inserted it through the wire mesh with the intention of "tickling" one of the marmots in the "waistcoat."

Not in the mood to be tickled that day, the little animal gripped the pen with his teeth and took it below ground. Fortunately, the visitor took it all in good part. "Ah, well," said he, "I hope the little chap finds it useful to write his memoirs with, during hibernation!"

They will be "eating against time," trying to store up enough fat in their bodies to see them safely through the Winter months.

## How to carry a tiger



Whipsnade's tigress Kaseh makes light work of moving one of her cubs to the right place—where mother wants him.

## Marmots at work underground

SEVEN prairie marmots bought a few months ago have settled down well in an enclosure outside the South Mammal House. Sensing the approach of Autumn, they have dug several burrows, all leading to a big central chamber in which they will start to hibernate in October. The marmots not only drag down into their burrows endless pieces of dry grass and leaves for their Winter bedding, but anything else they can find, including a ball-point pen. It was the property of a

## Kingfishers up from Surrey

THE Zoo's attempt to keep alive a family of young kingfishers found recently on a Surrey farm seems to be partially successful. Three of the fledglings have died, but the surviving four look very healthy and it is hoped that they will now be safely reared.

"These little birds were brought to us last month by Mr. R. W. Bunney, of Tilford, near Farnham," an official told me. "He had been operating a tractor when he accidentally exposed the nest. As it was fairly obvious that the immature chicks would now be deserted by their parents, Mr. Bunney took the family home with him and succeeded pretty well in getting them to feed from his fingers. Later, however, they became rather a burden, so he brought them to us.

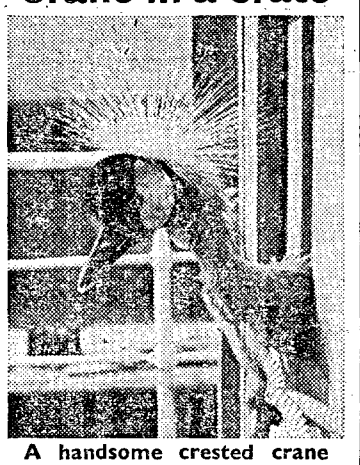
"Since their arrival here we have been keeping this kingfisher family in a large cage in a service passage at the Bird House, where they have been fed not only on fish but also on meat and shrimps. The four survivors are now fully fledged and are just able to fly, so we are putting two in the British Birds' Aviary. The other two will have to be quartered elsewhere, for you cannot keep more than one pair of these birds in one aviary. They are very pugnacious and would fight."

## Big family of little snakes

AT the reptile house a three-foot Ribbon snake, one of a pair sent over by air from North America last May, has given birth to a large family. "There are at least 20 and very probably more," Overseer R. A. Lanworn told me. "Enumerating them is specially difficult, as the baby snakes are among a lot of mossy fibres, from which first one, then another, pops up, only to disappear almost immediately. The babies are only about four inches long and look not unlike the earthworms on which we are feeding them. They are the first of their kind to be born here for some years."

Incidentally, these snake babies are causing their keepers some concern, because they are apt to mistake one of their brothers or sisters for an earthworm, and make a meal of it before they realise what they have done! "It is very probable that we shall lose a number of the babies in this way," said Mr. Lanworn. "But even so, we should be left with plenty of them to rear. We certainly want to rear some, as although the species is neither rare nor valuable, the young snakes will be useful to send away to other zoos later, in exchange for other exhibits."

## Crane in a crate



A handsome crested crane from Mombasa made the sea voyage to London in a crate aboard a Union Castle liner.

## Three precious goslings

THREE valuable newly-hatched goslings are now running about at Leckford, Mr. Spedan Lewis's Hampshire estate near Stockbridge. They are Siberian red-breasted geese which were hatched in a large, electrically-controlled incubator. The goslings came in fact from eggs which were laid in a nest in the London Zoo's waterfowl enclosure.

Mr. John Yealland, the Zoo's curator of birds, told me that there were eight eggs in all, and as there seemed to be a risk of their being attacked by crows, or perhaps taken by other marauders, we sent the whole clutch to Leckford, where the manager, Mr. Terry-Jones, greatly experienced in the hatching of rare birds, has been giving them his constant attention. "The three goslings just hatched there," he went on, "will be sent back to us during the Autumn, when they will be able to meet their natural parents for the first time.

"These red-breasted geese breed normally in the estuaries of the great Siberian rivers that flow northward into the Arctic Ocean, and are among the best-looking of all the geese. We value our birds at £40 the pair."

CRAVEN HILL

# NOW FOR A GOOD VIEW OF SATURN

LOOKING AT THE SKY

WITH the coming of the darker evenings the planet Saturn can now be seen to better advantage. It will be found almost due south and rather low in the southern sky, between eight and nine o'clock.

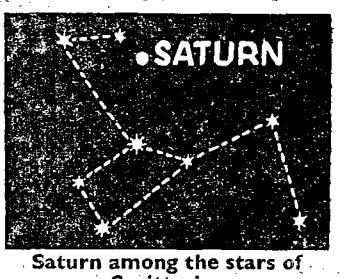
Saturn may be found quite easily, some way to the left of the much brighter planet Jupiter, and somewhat higher. It appears among the bright stars of Sagittarius, the Archer. At present Saturn is about 870 million miles away and is receding from us at an average rate of about 500,000 miles a week. But it is so far away that this will affect the planet's brilliance very little.

This wonderful world of Saturn presents one of the finest spectacles to be seen through an astronomical telescope. This is particularly the case just now because the angle at which Saturn's glorious ring system is presented to us shows the great sphere of the planet, with its immense belts of golden and leaden-hued cloud. When we remember that the sphere of Saturn takes up about 760 times more space than our Earth we realise how vast those flat concentric rings must be. In fact they have an overall diameter of about 171,000 miles.

The outer ring (A) averages rather more than 10,000 miles wide. Within this is another and much brighter ring (B). This is also flat and level with the other ring (A) and it has an average width of nearly 16,000 miles. Thus three worlds the size of ours could find room to roll round it side by side like marbles.

But there is a great chasm between rings A and B. It is dark and about 3,000 miles wide.

Inside ring B is yet another ring, C. This is much less luminous and is separated from ring B by another dark chasm averaging about 1,000 miles wide. It is also semi-transparent so that the bright globe of Saturn can be seen through it. This spectacle remained for over two centuries a baffling mystery to astronomers. Every 15 years when the rings are seen on edge, the most powerful telescopes only reveal a straight line of faint spots of light. The discovery of this gave the clue to the remarkable structure of the rings and showed that they were composed of myriads of little "Moonlets". Most of these are very small and not more than five miles in diameter, while a few reach a width of 50 miles.




Saturn among the stars of Sagittarius

All this vast "host of Moonlets" speeds round Saturn in less than a day. G.F.M.

# Keen rivalry in the race into space

Russian and American rocket scientists continue to make the whole world marvel.

America's latest triumph in space exploration is a balloon satellite called Echo 1 which is circling the Earth at a height of over 1,000 miles and a speed of 15,000 miles an hour. One hundred feet in diameter, the biggest satellite ever sent into space, it is made of aluminium-coated film, and is being used to relay radio messages from stations as far apart as California and New York.

A message from President Eisenhower was bounced back from it within a few hours of launching. Scientists believe that it may well pave the way for a system of satellites that would be like a girdle round the world for telephone and television communication, like the scheme referred to in the CN two weeks ago.

When launched by rocket at Cape Canaveral in Florida, the balloon was folded up in a small airtight container which was split open by explosive charges after reaching orbit. Exposed to the Sun, the balloon was then inflated by the special vapourising powders it carried.

Because Echo's orbit was calculated to keep it in continual sunlight for at least two weeks, it has been clearly visible as a shining orb in the night sky from many parts of the world, including Britain.

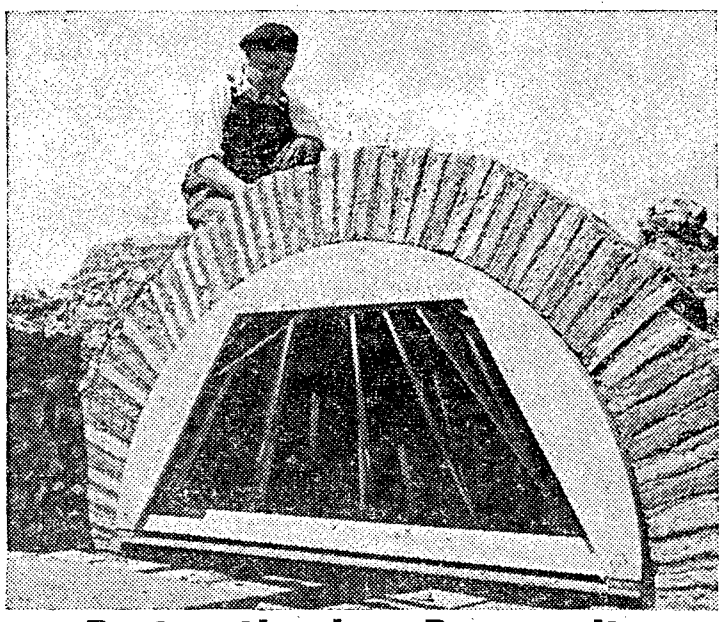
Meanwhile the Russians have gone one better. They have launched a space-ship containing two dogs and other living creatures, and have brought them all safely back to Earth After the space-ship had circled the Earth 17 times at a height of about 200 miles, it was slowed down by its retro-rockets, fired in the opposite direction to which it was travelling. The space-ship's control system then brought it safely down within seven miles of the calculated landing-place.

The dogs Belka (Squirrel) and Strelka (Little Arrow) were photographed by television cameras while they were in orbit. On landing, they bounded out, full of life and none the worse for their 24-hour flight in space. The whole achievement has been hailed as a great triumph for the Russians. The day of man's first flight into space draws nearer.

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# Out and about with the cameramen



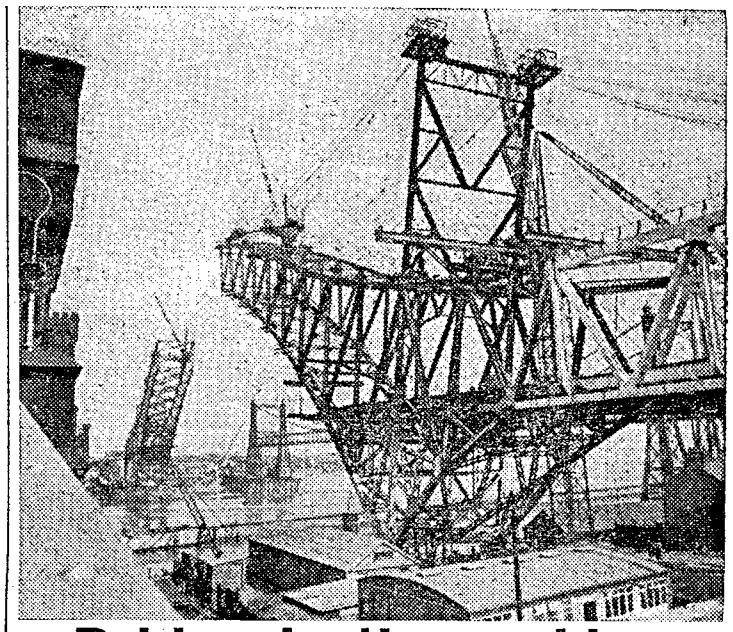
## Restoration in a Roman city

Excavations at Verulamium, a once flourishing city of Roman Britain situated near St. Albans, Hertfordshire, have yielded many interesting finds. Here a local craftsman is seen restoring what is believed to have been an underground shrine, using excavated material.



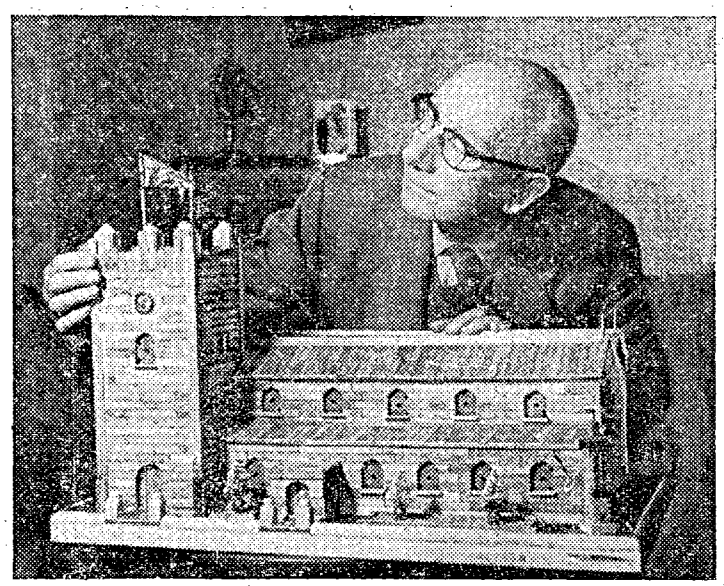
## CACTUS EXPERT

Barry Cooper of Slough, Buckinghamshire, owns nearly a thousand cactus plants and has taken over four hundred prizes with them.



## Bridge in the making

The great steel spans of the new Widnes-Runcorn road bridge are gradually growing out to meet each other across the Mersey. The work is due for completion next Spring.



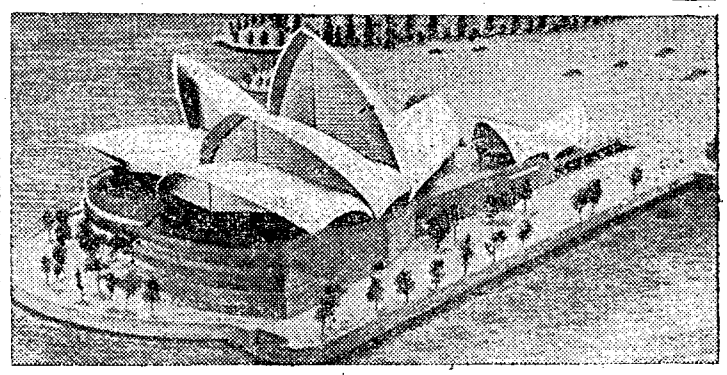
## *Model in lollipop sticks*

This model church was built in about eight weeks by Mr. C. Richold of Felixstowe, Suffolk. He made it out of hundreds of lollipop sticks which he picked up from the beach.



## Queen's Badge boy

Alan McKee of Weaverham, Cheshire, who has won the Boys' Brigade Queen's Badge. Alan, now promoted from Cadet Sergeant to Staff Sergeant, is the first holder of this award (the B.B's highest) in Mid-Cheshire.



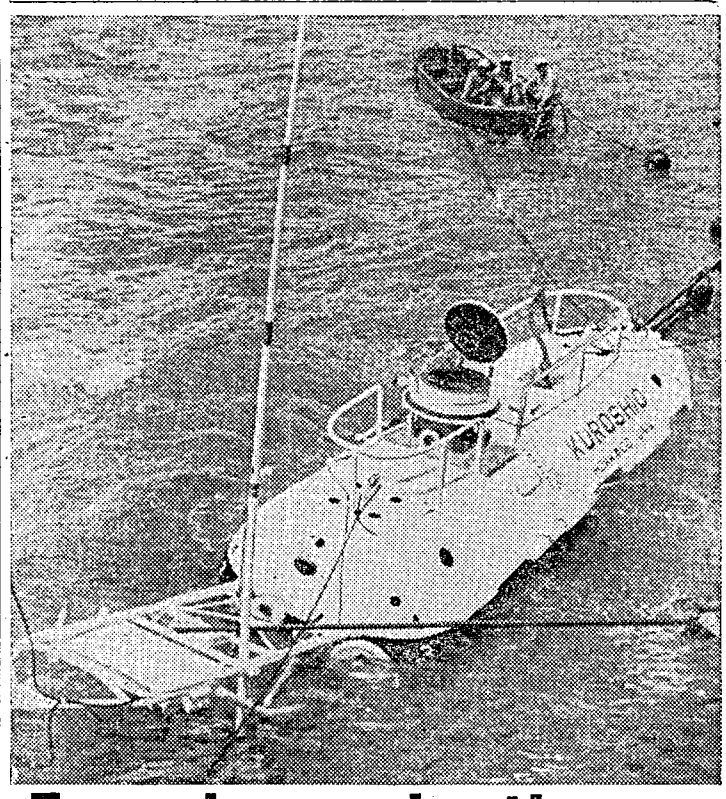
## Preview of a new Opera House

Sydney is to have a fine new opera house overlooking its great harbour. It will comprise several concert halls as well and above is a model showing what the finished building will be like.



## LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON

The four fathers in the front rank of this happy group all belong to No. 3 Squadron of the 42nd Lancashire Signals, Territorial Army. And each is seen here with a son serving in the same unit.



## To explore under the sea

A small submarine for exploration work under the ocean has been built for Hokkaido University, Japan.

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# In the Countryside in September

At the beginning of September it is still Summer, but by the end it is definitely Autumn, with the first leaves turning yellow on the trees, most of our more attractive wild flowers already over, and all but a few of our Summer bird visitors on their way back to Africa.

The last swifts, except for a few stragglers, left our shores in August, but in September the swallows and martins are still conspicuous, gathering on telegraph wires and other perches before they, too, fly off southwards. Some will stay into early October, but most will be gone by the end of September.



Making the most of blackberry time

Of other Summer migrants, the only conspicuous ones in September are the chiffchaff and willow warbler, which both have a renewed burst of song before they, too, depart. It is, however, too early for the arrival of any of our regular Winter visitors, such as the fieldfare and redwing.

Besides the irregular song of chiffchaff and willow warbler, several of our resident birds start their Autumn revival of singing this month. You can expect to hear the robin, hedge-sparrow, wren, and wood pigeon, and occasionally also the song thrush, skylark, and chaffinch.

The wood pigeon's September song is actually not a revival, but a continuation of its Summer song. For the wood pigeon nesting is still in full swing in September. This is one of the months when farmers go round poking out the pigeons' flimsy twiggy nests, each with two plain white eggs. For the wood pigeon is one of the great pests of the farmer, gobbling both grain and greenstuff. The reason why it has such a late nesting season is that there is more corn and weed seed in the Autumn, so that it is easier to find food for the young birds.

There are hardly any sea-birds on the cliffs in September, but at the beginning of the month you can still see the young fulmars sitting on the ledges where they have been growing up for the past five or six weeks. Fulmars look remarkably like gulls at first sight, but you can always distinguish them by the two curious tubular "nostrils" at the base of their bills.

September is, of course, the great time for wild fruits. During this month you can see them in all three colour stages: the completely unripe green berries, the ripening red berries, and the completely ripe black ones.

Most of the other berries to be seen in our woods and hedgerows this month are food for birds rather than people, but a very interesting collection can be made. There are the black berries of the privet, the buckthorn, the dogwood, and the wayfaring tree; the red berries of the hawthorn, dog rose, and guelder rose; the orange berries of the sea-buckthorn, and the rowan or mountain ash; and the beautiful pink berries of the spindle tree.

## Word of warning

Some berries to be seen at this time of year are actively poisonous and dangerous to eat, so it is wiser not to sample any but the familiar blackberry. Among those to beware of are the berries of the woody nightshade, which are green at first, then yellow, and finally red; and the deadly nightshade, which has black berries as big as small cherries. You can also be poisoned by eating the berries of lords and ladies, which appear in orange spikes in the hedge bottoms.

RICHARD FITTER

# ON RECORD

## New discs to note

LONNIE SATTIN: *I'll Fly Away* on Warner WB15. Lonnie began his singing career as soloist in his father's church choir. His love of singing took him into many contests and eventually he decided to make it his career. This song is based on the Negro spiritual and is given strong treatment by the young man who has been named as a future rival to Harry Belafonte. (45. 6s. 4d.)

JOHNNY WESTERN: *The Ballad of Paladin* on Philips 45PB1030. Western was actually playing an acting role in the television series *Have Gun, Will Travel* when the idea came to him to write a theme song for this popular programme, and he recorded it. (45. 6s. 4d.)

DOROTHY SQUIRES: *This Place Called Home* on Decca 45F11262. It was during one of her fleeting trips to Britain that Dorothy Squires made this recording. Both she and her husband, actor Roger Moore, are working away from home, and this song seems to express how much they miss their own country. (45. 6s.)

GERARD HOFFNUNG: *At The Oxford Union* on Decca LF1330. Hoffnung was a cartoonist, a tuba player and a painter, but in recent years his best-known enterprise was his Music Festival, held at London's Festival Hall, at which almost anything could happen. Famous pianists would play the penny whistle, conductors would beat a toy drum. His speech to the Oxford Union has the same wild humour. (LP. 22s. 10½d.)

JOHN NEVILLE: *Palgrave's Golden Treasury* on Caedmon TCE128. The brilliant young actor John Neville, reads selections from the Romantic poets, including Keats, Wordsworth, Shelley, and Burns. (EP. 14s. 7d.)

ROBIN HALL and JIMMY MACGREGOR: *Glasgow Street Songs* on Collector JES5. This likeable young couple are frequent visitors to the *Tonight* series,



Jimmy Macgregor (left) and Robin Hall

where they have often sung folk songs from Scotland. The examples included on this particular recording are always entertaining and often very amusing. (EP. 13s.)

GERARD SOUZAY: *Songs by Chausson, Fauré, Duparc* on Decca CEP662. Souzay is unsurpassed in the singing of French songs and this selection of them is delightfully performed. (EP. 14s. 7d.)

# NORTH-WEST PASSAGE—Henry Hudson's great voyages (6)




**WILL HUDSON FIND THE INDIANS—AND THE HOPED-FOR FOOD SUPPLIES? SEE NEXT WEEK'S INSTALMENT**

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# THE HOUSE OF BLUE DRAGONS

## by Geoffrey Trease

*The scene is Dorset, 1807. The vicar's children, Andrew and Sarah, have warned the local revenue officer, Captain Taylor, that the smugglers are planning a run at Barbary Chine. Next morning the children learn that the smugglers had carried out their plan.*

### 11. Who can be trusted ?

"At Barbary Chine?" cried Sarah.

"That's what they say, miss." The maid laughed and added quickly: "Course, I wouldn't know aught about that. I don't have naught to do wi' smugglers. Parson wouldn't like it now, would 'ee?"

Andy made a face at his sister behind Dora's back. His look showed the disgust he was feeling. First, there was the sharp disappointment that after all their efforts and their warning to Captain Taylor, the run had taken place successfully—and at the very place and time expected. What on earth had Captain Taylor and the dragoons been doing to allow it?

Secondly, he did not believe Dora was quite sincere when she pretended to disapprove of the smugglers. After a week or two in Midport, Andy was beginning to feel that most of the local population were in sympathy with them—if not actively helping them.

If old Bannister, the sexton, had allowed the crypt to be used as a store for smuggled goods, it was not impossible that a maid at the vicarage should also know more than she was willing to admit. Had not Dora tried to persuade his mother not to let the children sleep in the bedrooms overlooking the churchyard? And, when that failed, hadn't she tried to frighten Sarah and himself with her ghost-stories? Anything, in fact, to stop them from finding out about the the crypt until its illegal contents had been safely removed.

As Captain Taylor had said yesterday, you could not trust anyone in Midport. Not even sextons or vicarage servants, not even romantic young poets from London like Mr. Collingwood, not even—not even riding officers in the Revenue service, like Captain Taylor!

This startling thought did not strike Andy until he had begun to eat his breakfast. He nearly choked as a result. Sarah gaped at him across the table, and Mr. Hunt broke off an angry speech about the smugglers to ask him what was the matter.

"N-nothing, Father! J-just a—c-crumb!"

"Well, as I was saying, the impudence of it! Not only do these people break the law themselves, but they imagine that every one else is prepared to do the same. They actually come here in the middle of the night, to the vicarage, and leave a present."

"It was a very nice present," said Mrs. Hunt with a wistful smile. "Tea, and some beautiful French lace, not to mention the two bottles of brandy."

"Temptations of the devil," said the vicar firmly. "If we drank one cup of that tea—never mind the brandy!—we should be no better than the rest."

"What will you do with it, Father?" asked Sarah.



**Sarah makes a strange discovery in Mr. Collingwood's cottage**

"Hand it over to the Revenue officer, of course. After breakfast, you and Andrew can take the stuff down to this Captain Taylor at his lodgings. I can't think what the fellow's doing, allowing this sort of thing to happen under his very nose."

"Nor can I," said Andy with deep feeling.

He had never felt keener to carry out an errand for his father. It would give him an excuse to call on Captain Taylor again and perhaps find out what had gone wrong last night.

An hour later the children presented themselves at the bow-windowed lodging-house overlooking the harbour. The servant took in the basket with the goods in it, and brought it back empty, with the captain's compliments and thanks to their father.

"Can't we see him for a moment?" Andy said.

The woman shook her head. "No, sir, I'm afraid the captain's very much occupied this morning."

"I am sure he is," said Andy under his breath.

Sarah said, rather boldly: "Perhaps he's still in bed? I expect he was up half the night, wasn't he, chasing the smugglers?"

At this, the servant looked surprised. "Nay, the captain never stirred out last night. How was he to know? He only heard about Barbary Chine at breakfast-time. My, he did seem vexed!"

The children came away puzzled.

### Effect of taxes

"So he didn't even try to catch them!" said Sarah as they went back through the cobbled streets.

"He's been bought," said Andy darkly. "Bribery and corruption! I can see now why Father gets so wild. It isn't just that people dodge the taxes and the Government loses money. It's the effect it has on their characters. Even officers and gentlemen—even clergymen, I expect, now and again, if they're not as strict as Father!"

"It seems hopeless. If you can't trust anybody at all, what's the use of trying to do anything?"

"And that's the very worst part of the whole thing!" Andy turned on his sister almost fiercely. "Giving up—saying 'what's the use?' if the honest people give up even trying, well——!" He paused, at a loss for words.

"You needn't bite my head off! But what more can we do?"

"Find out some more details about Mr. Poetical Collingwood!"

"How?"

### Andy's plan

Andy considered for a few moments with knitted brows. "I'd like to get inside that cottage of his and look round."

"Inside? But I don't see——"

"It might be possible. Remember, Dora's auntie goes over every morning to cook and tidy up."

"Yes, but——"

"Dora said that Mr. Collingwood often slept late after his night walks and didn't get up till his dinner was on the table. I didn't pay much attention at the time, but didn't she say something about the key being kept under the window-ledge?"

"She did! That's how her auntie gets in!"

"If that key is always put back there—if it's not only there in the mornings——"

"Andy! You're not planning to go there again in the middle of the night?"

Sarah sounded anxious. Remembering the alarms of their last visit to the deserted village, she was not keen to repeat the experience.

"No need," said Andy impatiently. "I expect Mr. Collingwood goes out in the daytime. We've got to watch the place a bit, that's all. The afternoon, say. We'll have a word with Dora—only we'll have to seem terribly casual. She may know something about his habits."

They were in luck, as it happened. But, as Sarah said afterwards, they were due for a little luck, after their recent disappointments. As soon as Andy began his casual remark to Dora, "Does your auntie go to that poet man every day of the week?" the maid answered:

"Every day, wet or fine. Unless Mr. Collingwood be away for a night or two. She weren't goin' today. The gentleman told her yesterday. He were off on some visit, he said. There wouldn't be no bed to make today and he'd send word when he wanted her again."

The children could hardly hide their delight. They slipped out and discussed the matter in whispers.

"Too good a chance to miss," said Andy.

"It isn't wrong, is it? I mean, if this man is breaking the law, it isn't like going into an ordinary house——"

"Course it isn't."

As soon as dinner was over, they set out along the cliffs.

"We may not find any clues," Andy warned her. "I mean, if he lets Dora's aunt have the run of the cottage, he won't leave a lot of evidence lying about."

"She probably can't read, though. Not many of these country women can."

### Into the cottage

They had already decided that, if they came upon anything suspicious, it would be no use reporting it to Captain Taylor. Either he was in league with the smugglers himself or at least was too lazy to take action. The only thing would be to send the information to some higher officer, perhaps even to the Government in London. If it came to that, they would simply have to bring their father into the affair. They would not know what to do alone.

All went smoothly. They reached the deserted village in the cove and found Mr. Collingwood's cottage looking as lifeless as the

**Continued on page 10**




**SO REAL!**
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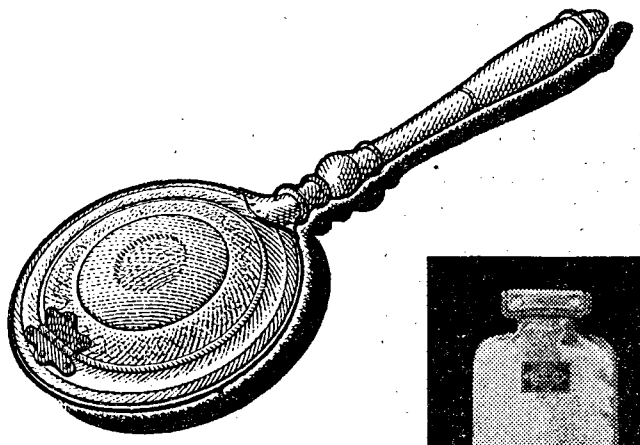
* *At good toyshops, hobby shops and departmental stores. If your dealer cannot supply, write for address of nearest stockist.*

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HOW TIMES HAVE CHANGED

Brrrhh! Bed was a cold place two hundred years ago, for even though hot bricks wrapped in flannels and copper pans filled with glowing embers were liberally applied between the sheets, these were cumbersome methods and rarely satisfactory.

Today, of course, with the introduction of watertight rubber, Dunlop has been able to make bedtime a welcome end to the day. No longer do we creep up the stairs, shivering at the thought of cold, dank sheets—but, with a Dunlop hot water bottle already tucked in we gladly accept its warm invitation to a blissful night's sleep.

DUNLOP

SYMBOL OF PROGRESS

CFH/PR6/24

## WORLD OF STAMPS

# Black-lined issues belong to Alf

Some readers have been puzzled lately when buying booklets of stamps from their local post office. They have noticed that some of the stamps have black lines printed on the back, and have wondered if these are due to mistakes by the printer, and might therefore be valuable.

The answer is No! These stamps were intended for sale in the Southampton area. At the G.P.O. in Southampton is an Automatic Letter Facing machine nicknamed "Alf." Now, Alf takes a pile of letters of different shapes and sizes, arranges them so that they all face the same way, with the stamps in the same corner of the pile, and then postmarks each one.

Alf is able to do all this because "he" works electronically, using the black graphite lines on the backs of the stamps to complete the electric circuit necessary for the machine to operate.

Recently the stamps with black lines have also had almost invisible greenish phosphor lines printed on their faces. The Postmaster-General has now announced that the black lines will no longer be necessary and that Alf will work with stamps having only the phosphor lines.

Owing to the printing strike last year, there has been a temporary shortage of booklets of ordinary stamps. This is why the graphite-lined stamps have been sold in other parts of the country.

Another question arises out of this. Why is it that stamps with printing errors are sometimes very valuable?

The answer is simply that every collector likes to have in his album stamps which few other people possess. When a stamp with a rare printing error is discovered, wealthy collectors are willing to offer high prices for it; there must be satisfaction in being able to say: "Nobody else has that stamp in his collection!"

Shown here is an example of a valuable printing error on a British stamp of 1841, the one penny red-brown. It has a blank space in the bottom right-hand corner, where there ought to be a letter A, part of an old coding system to make forgery more difficult. The ordinary stamp costs about a shilling, but the value of a specimen with the printing error is about £500.




Another valuable old error is the 9-kreutzer stamp of the German State of Baden, printed by mistake on green paper instead of on red.




Errors are not always rare, however; in 1937 the Greek Post Office overprinted the 50-lepta stamp with a red cross and a surcharge in aid of Red Cross funds, as pictured here. By accident the surcharge was printed upside down on one or two sheets of stamps, and these would certainly have become very valuable.




To prevent this, the authorities deliberately printed a large supply of the stamps with the surcharge upside down. These were placed on sale at the main post offices so that every collector who wanted a specimen could obtain one at the ordinary price.

C. W. Hill

## Extra prefab for the Eskimos

Some time ago the Canadian authorities sent the parts for five prefabricated houses to Eskimos in the Far North, and later sent an inspector to see how the work was progressing.

"Did you follow the printed instructions?" was his first question.

"Impossible," replied the Eskimo spokesman. "No one around here can read. But that did not matter as you shall see."

And proudly he took the inspector along to see not five, but *six* well-built houses.

## One leg-power scooter



**To cover the long distances inside the great new Copenhagen airport building, B E A have supplied their staff with scooters. Having no engines they are silent but have to be driven by leg-power.**

## THE HOUSE OF BLUE DRAGONS

Continued from page 9

other buildings. The key hung on a nail below the window-sill. After a cautious glance round the desolate cliffs, they slipped inside.

The papers on the table looked innocent enough. There really were some books of poetry. Sarah pulled open a drawer, and let out a little exclamation.

She held up a scrap of paper, the bottom corner torn from a letter. It bore only the last five words, *"a better run next week."*

There was no signature. But there was a seal, stamped with the figure of a dragon—in blue.

*To be continued*

## Matchbox village

A booklet enabling you to make a model village of matchboxes has been published by the Church Assembly Children's Council. Containing little pictures of a church, cottages, and various other buildings, it gives directions for colouring and assembling the whole village.

It is called *Village Buildings*, and can be obtained by sending 1s. 8d. to the Church Information Office, Church House, Dean's Yard, Westminster, London, S.W.1.

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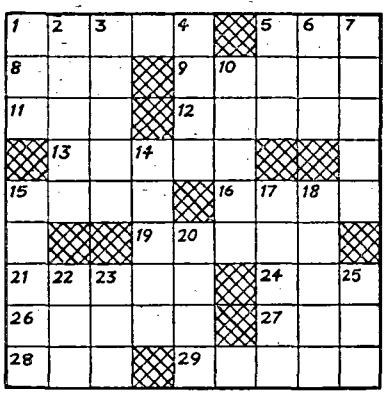
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# PUZZLE PARADE



## Crossword Puzzle

READING ACROSS. 1 People of Arabia. 5 Rodent. 8 Perch. 9 Duration of time. 11 Mire. 12 Farther down. 13 Marine mammals. 15 Gull-like bird. 16 Upstart. 19 Selfish desire. 21 —— and Juliet. 24 Portuguese territory in India. 26 Frighten. 27 Hurry. 28 And so on. 29 Of small stature. READING DOWN. 1 Limb. 2 Waken. 3 Viper. 4 Exchange for money. 5 Tier. 6 Top card. 7 Pulsate. 10 Strong force. 14 Ire. 15 Concise. 17 Member of an African race. 18 Smell. 20 Fish eggs. 22 Part of next month. 23 Small mackintosh. 25 Industrious insect.

*Answer next week*

## FIND THE FLOWER

I AM a name a girl may bear,
As perfume I may scent the air.
In rays, returning health I bring,
Yet I'm a flower of the Spring.

## THE BARN-OWL

THE barn-owl's feathers are soft and white,
He sleeps through the day and hunts at night.
His worth to the farmer is quite beyond price,
For he takes heavy toll of the rats and mice.
Protect this bird if ever you can,
He's a very good friend of the country man.

## Two for one

FIND an eight-letter word which means to resign a right; then re-arrange the letters in that word to form two four-letter words, one giving the name of a small fresh-water fish, and the other of something which might be used to catch that fish.

## A A A A A

*By putting the letter A in five places among the letters below, a sentence of seven words can be formed. See how quickly you can do this.*

M R Y R N F S T T O C T C H
THETRIN.

## *Two trees wanted*

PUT the name of a tree above these letters, and another below, to form, reading downwards, five words each of five letters.

\- - - - -
R X R P I
E T O P N
A R O A S
\- - - - -

# DOUBLE MEANINGS

*In each of the following pairs of numbered sentences, the blanks represent a word with two quite different meanings. See if you can name them all.*

*Answers are given in column 4*

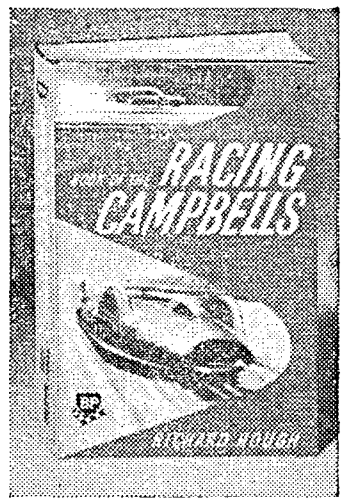
1. The acrobat turned completely head over ——.
   A yacht —— over before the wind.
2. Lawn tennis is played on a ——.
   He seems determined to —— disaster.
3. It grew dark after the sun had ——.
   The baby now has a complete —— of teeth.
4. Our landlord increased the ——.
   I have to mend a —— in my dress.
5. Teachers —— the children to be obedient.
   We can travel faster by the ——.
6. He had to —— the brunt of the attack.
   At the zoo we saw a big brown ——.

## Hands beneath the feet



**A jeweller of Windsor has fitted a clock into the pavement outside his shop. It is protected by a sheet of plate glass which has to be constantly renewed owing to the scratches made by passing feet.**


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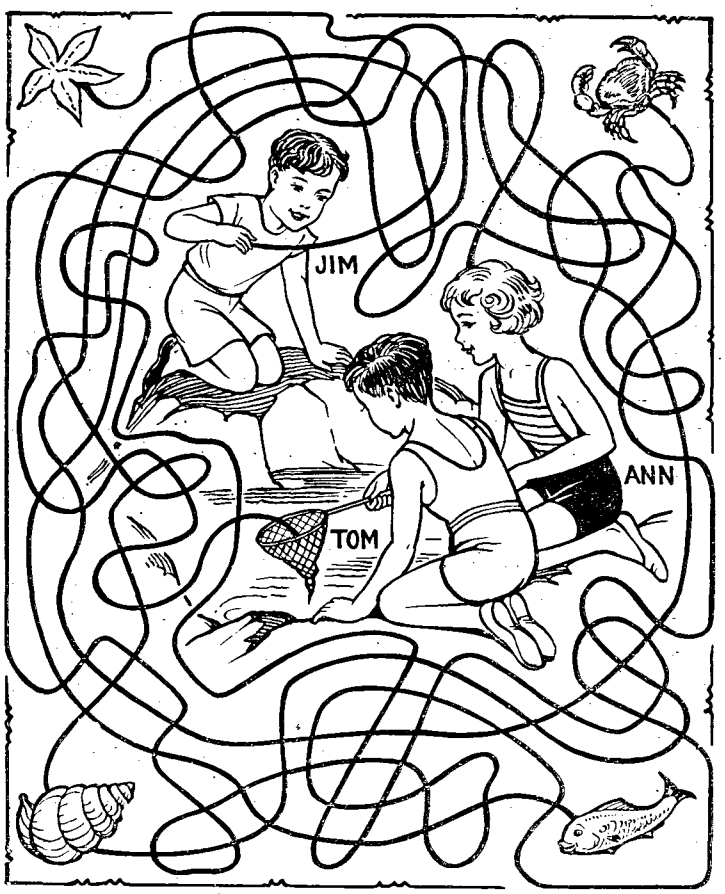
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# BESIDE THE SEASIDE




BY following the lines you will find what the children found in a rock pool at the seaside.

# Nowadays you never know!

IT was in Spring that the two otters had come upstream from the sea to their favourite nursery holt under the leaning willow. And there Lutra and his sisters were born.

It was in Autumn that Father Otter returned from one of his expeditions along the age-old otter trails, and said: "I'm off to the sea tomorrow."

"Please let me come," begged Lutra.

The older otter shook his head. "The trail lies upstream and across the hill tops to another river running seawards down that side," he said. "There are diversions across fields and woods, and nowadays you never know what you may find, with man clearing plantations, and building roads and houses."

But Lutra begged so hard that at last his father agreed.

Travelling overland in the hills, where they could wash the dust and tiredness away in the tarns, was fun. Even finding a new by-pass turned out well, for the stream they sought was diverted through a culvert where they could swim.

But when they left the river in the plain to cross a wood leading to a backwater famous for its eels, Father Otter was worried. Trees had been felled, ditches and drinking pools filled in, and a new road and houses quite confused the trail.

As they scrambled and searched Lutra became so tired and thirsty he felt he could not go on.

But just then, as they crossed yet another garden, his father sat up on his hind legs, and sniffed. "I smell water!" he cried.

But where?

At last they discovered steps leading up to the edge of a huge, blue-lined tank under the trees. And a moment later they were swimming in the sleeping householder's new swimming pool.

"Certainly nowadays you never know what you may find!" said Father Otter, as, mightily refreshed, they found the trail again. JANE THORNICROFT

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES

**AAAAA.** Mary ran fast to catch the train.
**Two for one.** Abdicate—Dace; bait.
***Find the flower.*** Violet.

**Two Trees**

C E D A R
R X R P I
E T O P N
A R O A S
M A P L E

## DOUBLE MEANINGS

1 Heels. 2 Court. 3 Set. 4 Rent. 5 Train. 6 Bear.

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# NEARING THE CLOSE OF PLAY

THE South African cricketers are now nearing the end of their tour in this country. During the next week the Springboks will be playing the last of their fixtures at three of our popular seaside resorts.

This Wednesday they are at Hastings, to meet A. E. R. Gilligan's XI; on Saturday they will go north to Blackpool for a match against a Lancashire team; and on Wednesday, 7th September, they will play their final game—against T. N. Pearce's XI at Scarborough.

It is to be hoped that the South Africans will enjoy the festival atmosphere of these remaining games, and thus be compensated for some of their earlier misfortunes.

AMONG the county players who will be saying goodbye to first-class cricket at the end of this season are Frank Tyson of Northants and Laddie Outschoorn of Worcestershire.

Frank Tyson, nicknamed The Typhoon, is to play for Todmorden in the Lancashire League next Summer; when that season ends he hopes to settle in Australia, where his wife was born. He joined Northants in 1952, played in 17 Tests, and has taken more than 750 wickets in first-class cricket.

Laddie Outschoorn is a most attractive batsman who learned his cricket in his native Ceylon. Captured in Singapore by the Japanese, Laddie came to Worcestershire for rehabilitation in 1946. In his 14 years in first-class cricket he has scored 15,000 runs.

## Jumping to it



David Herd of Arsenal tries out a training device at the club's new practice headquarters at London Colney, Hertfordshire.

## Jack Brabham's winning way

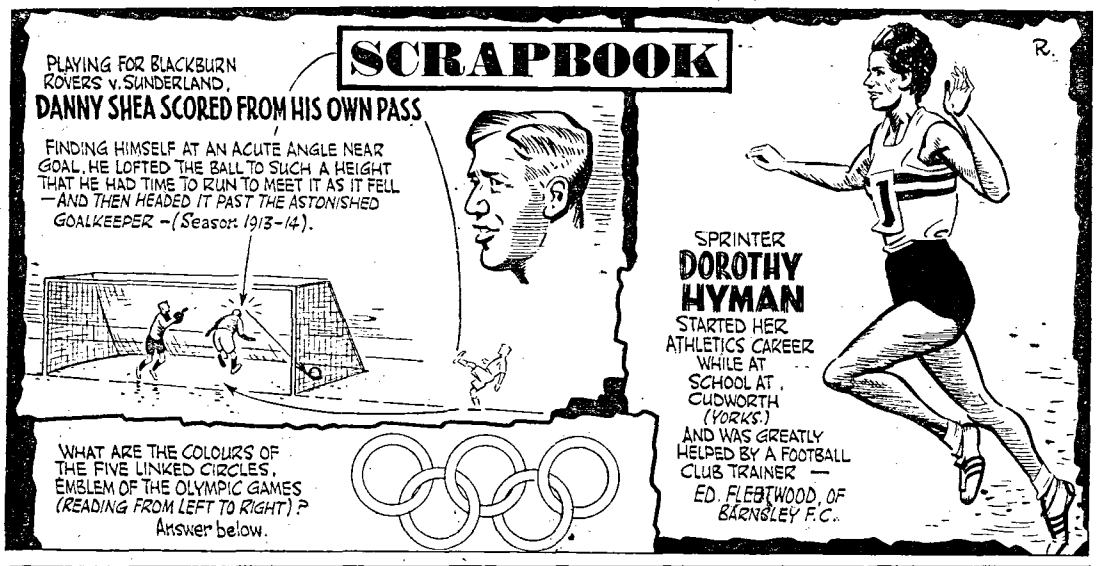
JACK BRABHAM, 34-year-old Australian, need only gain second or third place in Sunday's Italian Grand Prix at Monza to retain the world motor racing drivers' championship which he won last year. At the wheel of a Cooper car, he has won five Grand Prix races in succession—the Dutch, Belgian, French, British, and Portuguese. He is also a qualified pilot and flies his own plane to races on the Continent.

SCRAPBOOK : Blue, yellow, black, green, red.

## Beryl Burton, champion cyclist

BRITAIN'S most gallant world champion—that is the title being given to Mrs. Beryl Burton, Leeds housewife and racing cyclist. At the recent world cycling championships held in Leipzig this amazing young woman successfully defended the world's amateur pursuit championship which she won for the first time last year. She covered the 3,000 metres course in a new world record time of 4 minutes 6.1 seconds.

A few days later Beryl Burton gained her second world championship, winning the women's road race over a difficult 38½-mile course in 1 hour 54 minutes 39 seconds. As a young girl Beryl Burton was in hospital for a year with a serious rheumatic ailment and was told never to take any rigorous exercise. Fortunately, her Yorkshire grit decided otherwise; now, in addition to three world titles, this astonishing young woman holds all the national time trials records.




## A JUMP AND A WALK LED TO ROME

JOHN HOWELL of Herne Hill was a surprise choice for the Olympics; he literally leaped into Britain's team at the last moment.

On the eve of the completion of our athletics team, John broke the United Kingdom national long-jump record with an effort of 25 feet ½ inch, just 5¼ inches more than the Olympic qualifying standard. Only the previous day he had failed to make the grade, but his national record carried him into our team now in Rome.

Another late selection was Albert Johnson, for the 50-kilometres walk. Yet at one time it was thought that he would never be able to walk. Born a cripple, Albert showed such dogged courage and determination that he has become one of our finest walkers, and took part in the 1956 Olympics. This season he had not been in full training but his performance in the 38-miles Hastings to Brighton walk took him into the British team.

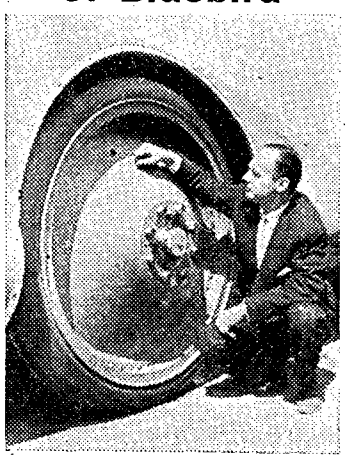
## With our horses at the Olympics

GREAT BRITAIN'S team for the Olympic equestrian events, starting next Monday, includes one of the oldest competitors and one of the youngest. Mrs. Vivian Williams, 65-year-old grandmother, will be one of our two representatives in the dressage events with her nine-year-old horse Little Model.

In contrast, however, youth will carry Britain's hopes in the show jumping events, with David Broome, at the age of 20, the youngest rider ever chosen to represent us in the Olympics.

Son of a Chepstow farmer, David has been riding since he was four, but this Summer, in the saddle of that brilliant horse Sunsalve, he has become our outstanding show jumper. This brilliant horse-and-rider partnership could become as famous as Colonel Harry Llewellyn and Foxhunter, two of the heroes of the 1952 Olympics.

## Under the wing of Bluebird



Mr Donald Campbell seen beside one of the 52-inch wheels of his new Bluebird car in which he hopes to set up a new land speed record.

## Judy Looks Back

"FOR a few moments I stood on top of the world, clutching in my hands the golden result of five years' hard work. All the toil and tribulation that had filled those years had been worth while. I looked back and saw it all."

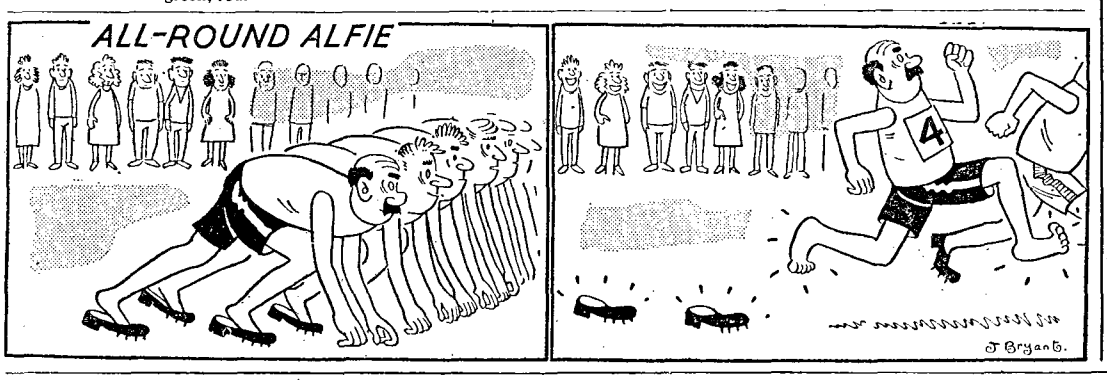
Judy Grinham now looks back and describes her years of striving and fulfilment in an autobiography: *Water Babe* (Oldbourne Press, 16s.).

It is subtitled My Life in Swimming and takes us back to the days when, as a ten-year-old Judy first tried to join a club. Three times she took a test before being accepted.

Three years later Judy was on the threshold of a swimming career that was to take her all over the world, and to make her Empire champion, European champion, world record-holder, and the first British swimmer for 32 years to win an Olympic gold medal. But there was another side to the picture.

On the eve of her 20th birthday in March last year the smiling young sportswoman decided that "the strain of staying on top was so great that I was not enjoying my sport any more." She announced her retirement.

Judy is now a journalist, reporting the activities of other swimmers. She has done a good job reporting her own swimming triumphs.




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